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THE
Muses Mercury:
OR THE
Monthly Miscellany.

Consisting of
Poems, Prologues, Songs, Sonnets, Translations,
and other Curious Pieces, Never before Printed.

BY
The Earl of Roscommon, } Mr. DENNIS,
Mr. DRYDEN, } Dr. N—n,
Dr. G—th, } Capt. STEEL,
N. TATE, Esquire. } Mr. MANNING, &c.

To which is added,
An Account of the STAGE, of the New OPERAS and
PLAYS that have been Acted, or are to be Acted this Season;
And of the New Books relating to Poetry, Criticism, &c. lately Publish'd.

For the Month of JANUARY.

To be continued Monthly.



Ex Quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius.

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Det. from H. Mitchell

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T O T H E

Most Noble and High Born PRINCE,

WILLIAM Duke of *Devonshire*,

Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household,

One of the Lords of Her Majesty's Most Honourable
PRIVY-COUNCIL,

And Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,

TH E Great are Intitul'd to all the Labours of the
Muses. 'Tis under their Influence that they
flourish, without Them the Poets Laurels wou'd
wither and decay, and Wit and Eloquence fall
by the Oppression of Ignorance and Folly.

But when Persons of Your Grace's High Quality, as well
Inspire them by their Example, as Support them by their
Bounty, 'tis a sure Sign that the Golden Age of Poetry is
restor'd,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

restor'd, and Your Grace, like the Roman Mæcenas, will always have the Glory of being its Restorer.

There is no part of the Belles Lettres which You have not enobled by Your Studies, and advanc'd by Your Generosity. This, My Lord, makes the Professors of them Proud of Your Favour; for you have not more enrich'd them by Your Rewards, than inform'd 'em by Your Judgment.

The two Sister-Sciences, Poetry and Painting, have been Your Grace's more Immediate Care. Your own Admirable Collections, the Ornament of the finest Palace in London, and Chatsworth the greatest Wonder of the Peak, are Proofs of Your Lordship's Knowledge in Painting, and the Encouragement You have giv'n it; Yet Poetry is still more indebted to you: For Your Grace has not only encourag'd the Artists, but improv'd the Art; and like the Scipio's and Cæsar's of Old, taught the Poets to deserve the Protection which You were always willing to grant them.

May it Please your Grace,

*I shou'd not have presum'd to approach You with so small an Offering, were not the Following Poems the Productions of Gentlemen, with whose Merit and Writings Your Lordship is well Acquainted. I cou'd not dare to
lay*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

lay any thing Spurious at Your Grace's Feet, whose discernment wou'd soon distinguish the True from the Counterfeit, and Your Justice never forgive the Fraud. This Test will give a Sanction to our Design, and Your Illustrious Name defend it against the Cavils of those False Criticks, who are offended with ev'ry thing which pleases Others, because they are resolv'd not to be pleas'd themselves; We Dedicate it in a Particular Manner to the Pleasure of the Fair and the Great; Whom if it entertains in their Hours of Leisure and Retirement, we shall Oblige the World by adding to the Delight of Those, who are the Delight of Mankind.

But when Your Grace withdraws from the Business of the State, in which by Your Councils and Your Arms, You have maintain'd the Cause of Liberty, and render'd the most Important Services to the Two Best and Greatest Princes that ever sat on the British Throne, King WILLIAM and Queen ANNE; If You vouchsafe to admit these Few Sheets into Your Cabinet, to be a Part of the Amusement which is Necessary to Heroick Minds, bending beneath the Weight of the Publick Cares, My Fortune will be as glorious as my Ambition, and I shall be animated in my Endeavours to make my future Miscellanies as Worthy as they can be of that Honour.

May Your Grace long Continue the Un-envy'd Favourite of Prince and People, and may my Vows for the
Happiness

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Happiness of Your Grace, and your Noble Posterity, be as
Successful as they are Sincere.*

*As for me, My Lord, I cannot hope to be Happier
than to be suffer'd to Subscribe my Self with Equal Zeal
and Respect,*

May it Please your Grace,

Your Grace's

Most Humble,

Most Obedient and

Most devoted Servant,

J. O.

Introduction.

TH O' in the Opinion of the *Many*, Things of this Nature have little or no Use, and what is not Useful do's not deserve Incouragement, yet we must beg Leave to differ from them in our Sentiments; For by the same way of Judging, *Musick, Painting,* and indeed all the *Fine Arts* which divert and polish Mankind, are Useless: Such as have no Curiosity, no *Relish* of Wit and Eloquence, such as Imagine that nothing can be Useful which do's not make a Man Wiser and Richer, such will without doubt look disdainfully on our *Design*: And since we despair of convincing 'em by any thing we can say for it, we shall not Offend 'em by attempting it. Of these, we desire only that they will consider, there are a Vast Number of People who think otherwise, and who believe that nothing is more Profitable to Mankind, than that which delights them.

We shall not be so vain, as from what we have said to draw any Argument to our Own Advantage, tho' we might do it, and give no great offence to Modesty: For we do not strive to Please the Reader by ourselves, but by others; whose Abilities are Unquestionable, their Reputations settled, and their Works always welcom to the Publick. 'Twill certainly be agreeable to the *Curious*, to see something of theirs in our *Monthly Collections*, and we shall take care that none be admitted to keep 'em Company, who are not in some measure worthy of it. For when we cannot Support this *Undertaking* by Helps from the best Writers, or with the best Writings, we shall give it over. Tho' there is no fear of wanting Poems to carry it on, when we are already furnish'd with sufficient Materials to last us till *Midsummer*: But we shall be willing to keep our *Fund* untouch'd, and to Publish what new Things are sent us, if 'tis for the Author's and our own Credit to shew them. We wou'd preserve those *Pieces* that our Friends have supply'd us with, as a Stock to set up with, or rather as Principal Money, and live upon the Interest. And having it chiefly in our View to entertain some Persons distinguish'd by their Merit as much as by their Quality, 'tis Necessary we shou'd acquaint the Reader with the Method we intend to persue, that nothing Indecent or Indiscreet may be transmitted to us.

We

INTRODUCTION.

We Except against all *Political* or *Personal* Scandal, what is Injurious to good Sense or good Manners, Immoral or Profane; All *Party* Libels and Lampoons; and those who cannot speak well of Publick or Private Persons, must make use of some other Means to Introduce their Spleen into the World. Besides this, we have no Exception to any Subject whatever, in Verse or Prose, which is of a proper length and goodness, and which the Author is willing to communicate to the Publick. All *Poems*, *Prologues*, *Epilogues*, *Epigrams*, *Sonnets*, *Songs* and *Satyrs*, provided they are General; *Tales*, *Fables*, and ev'n *Ænima's*, *Epistles* in Prose or Verse, *Dissertations*, *Translations*; In a word, ev'ry Thing that has any relation to the Studies of *Humanity*, will be always acceptable to us.

The *Gentleman's Journal* was so well receiv'd formerly, that we hope the *Muses Mercury*, which is very near a kin to it, will find as many Friends to Support it, and shall do all that lies in us to render it as agreeable as we can; in which we shall take the Advice of some Gentlemen of our Acquaintance, who are well qualify'd to give it us, and for whose Judgment all the Town have a deference. We shall Print Nothing that has been printed before, if we can by any means know it in time; for it often happens, that Poems printed in single Sheets and half Sheets, or in obscure Collections surreptitiously obtain'd, are thrown by and lost, as soon as Manuscript Copies, and such may come out, and be forgot before they come to our Hands.

We shall vary our Method according to the Occasion; In some *Mercuries* there will be more Prose, in some more Verse, as we are furnish'd with the One or the Other, by such Gentlemen as shall assist us in our Undertaking.

✉ Any Person that is pleas'd to send us a Poem, or any Thing else for our Mercury, is desir'd to Forbid us Printing his Name to it, if he is not willing to have us make use of it; Otherwise we shall take it for granted that he will not be displeas'd if we do it. And whoever will Favour us with any Pieces in Verse or Prose, is desir'd to send it to Mrs. Sheffield at the Temple Coffee-House in Fleet-street; or to Mr. Andrew Bell, Bookseller, at the Cross-Keys and Bible in Cornhill, near Stocks-Market.

THE

THE
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OR,
Monthly Miscellany.

For the Month of JANUARY.

SONG.

On a Young Lady, who Sung finely, and
was afraid of a Cold.

By the Earl of Roscommon.

WInter, thy Cruelty extend,
Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea,
In vain let sinking Pilots pray,
Beneath this Yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing Frost and lasting Snow,
Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow.

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*Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these Lesser Ills create;
These we can bear, but gentle Fate,
And thou blest Genius of our Isle,
From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,
At which the listening Gods rejoice.*

(3)

*May that Celestial Sound each day,
With Extacy transport our Souls:
While all our Passions it controuls,
And kindly drives our Cares away;
Let no ungentle Cold destroy
All Taste we have of Heav'nly Joy.*

There have several Papers of Verses appear'd lately under this Noble Lord's Name, which are spurious, but that these are genuine, is not to be doubted: For tho they do not come up in Goodness to some other Poems of my Lord Roscommon's, yet they have plainly something of his Manner in them, and were given to a Gentleman of our Acquaintance by Mr. Richards, Superintendant of the Theatre at Dublin, who had them from his Lordship. We reserve an other of the same Hand for our next Mercury.

P R O-

PROLOGUE to the Opera of the *Prophetess*.

By Mr. Dryden.

* **W**HAT Nostredame with all his Art can guess
 The Fate of our Approaching Prophetess?
 A Play that like a Perspective set right,
 Presents our vast Expences close to sight,
 But turn the Tube and then we sadly view
 Our distant Gains, and those uncertain too:
 A sweeping Tax, which on our selves we raise,
 And all like you, in hopes of better days.
 When will our Losses warn us to be wise?
 Our Wealth decreases, and our Charges rise.
 Money, the sweet Allurer of our Hopes,
 Ebbs out by Oceans, but comes in by Drops.
 We raise new Objects to provoke Delight,
 But you grow sated at the second sight.
 False Men! ev'n so you use your Mistresses;
 They rise three Stories in their tow'ring Dress,
 And after all you love not long enough,
 To pay the Rigging e'er you turn 'em off.
 Never content with what you had before,
 But true to Change, right English Men all o'er.
 New Honour calls † you hence, and all your Care
 Is to provide the horrid Pomp of War.
 In Plume and Scarfe, Jack-boots and Bilboe-blade,
 The Silver goes which shou'd support our Trade;
 But we shall flourish sure when you are paid. }

* Written on occasion of the extraordinary Expence the House was at, in the Decorations of that Opera.

† To the Officers then going for Ireland.

The Muses Mercury,

Go unkind Hero's, leave our Stage to mourn,
 Till rich from Vanquish'd Rebels you return,
 And the fat Spoils of Teague in Triumph draw,
 His Firkin-Butter, and his Usquebaugh.
 Go Conquerours of your Male and Female Foes,
 Men without Hearts, and Women without Hoses.
 Each bring his Love a Bogland Captive home;
 Such proper Pages will long Trains become,
 With Copper Collars, and with Brawny Backs,
 Quite to put down the Fashion of our Blacks.
 Then shall the pious Muses pay their Vows,
 And furnish all their Laurels for your Brows;
 Their tuneful Voice shall rise for your Delights,
 We want not Poets fit to write your Fights.
 But you bright Beauties, for whose only sake
 The doughty Knights such Dangers undertake,
 When they with happy Gales are gone away,
 With your propitious Presence grace our Play,
 And with a Sigh their empty Seats survey.
 Then think on that bare Bench my Servant sat,
 I see him ogle still, and hear him chat;
 Selling facecious Bargains, and propounding,
 That witty Recreation, call'd Dumbfounding.
 Their Loss with Patience we will strive to bear,
 And wou'd do more to see you often here;
 That our Dead Stage, reviv'd by your bright Eyes,
 Under a Female || Regency may rise.

This Prologue was forbidden to be spoken the second Night of the Representation of the *Prophetess*. Mr. Shadwell was the occasion of its being taken notice of by the Ministry in the last Reign: He happen'd to be at the House on the first Night, and taking the beginning of the Prologue to have a double Meaning, and that Meaning to reflect on the Revolution, he told a Gentleman, *He would immediately put a stop to it.* When that Gen-

|| The Queen was made Regent while the King was in Ireland.

for the Month of *January*, 1707.

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tléman ask'd, Why he wou'd do the Author such a Disservice? He said, *Be-cause while Mr. Dryden was Poet Laureat, he wou'd never let any Play of his be Acted.* Mr. *Shadwell* informing the Secretary of State of it, and representing it in its worst Colours, the Prologue was never Spoken afterwards, and is not Printed in Mr. *Dryden's* Works, or his Miscellanies. Whatever was the meaning of the Author then, had he liv'd to have seen the Happy Effects of the Revolution in Her present Majesty's Triumphant Reign, he wou'd have blush'd at his Poor Politicks, and Vain Malice. Tho' we say this with some warmth, we wou'd not be understood to mean any thing derogatory to Mr. *Dryden's* Merit; to which, as a Poet, we pay as much deference as any one, and think the *Brittish* Muse indebted to him for his admirable Versification, as much as to all the Writers who went before him. Indeed, he has refin'd our Numbers, that he has taught all who follow him, to do really better in that kind, than those who were famous for their Excellence in it in the last Century. Let us see what as great a Poet as Mr. *Dryden* has said, on the contrary Side, in Praise of His late Majesty King *William* of glorious Memory, in a Prologue Spoken upon an Extraordinary Occasion at a Representation of *Tamerlane*, a Tragedy written by *N. Rowe* Esq; wherein the ingenious Author attempted to give a Picture of that Great King, in the Character of *Tamerlane*.

A PROLOGUE Spoken at a Representation of *TAMERLANE*.

Written by Dr. G-----th.

TO Day a Mighty Hero comes to warm
Your Curdling Blood, and bids you, Brittons, Arm.
To Valour much he Owes, to Virtue more;
He Fights to Save, and Conquers to Restore:
He strains no Texts, nor makes Dragoons perswade
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.
Born for Mankind, They by his Labour live;
Their Property is His Prerogative.

His

*His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,
 And None (except his Passions) are his Slaves :
 Such, Brittons, is the Prince that you possess,
 In Council greater, and in Camp no less
 Brave, but not Cruel, Wise without Deceit
 Born for an Age, curs't with a Bajazet.
 But you disdaining to be too Secure,
 Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Power :
 With you a Monarch's Right admits dispute,
 Who give Supplies are only Absolute.
 Brittons, for Shame your Faction's Feuds decline,
 Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon Line.
 Assert lost Light : An Austrian Prince alone
 Is born to nod upon a Spanish Throne.
 No less a Cause shou'd the Great Eugene call,
 Steep Alpine Rocks require an Haniball ;
 He shows you your lost Honours to retrieve,
 Your Troops wou'd fight, wou'd but your Senate give.
 Quit your Cabals, associate, and in Spite
 Of Whig and Tory, in this Cause Unite.
 One Vote will then Send Anjou back to France,
 There let the Meteor end his airy Dance :
 Else to the Mantuan Soil he may repair,
 Ev'n Exil'd Gods, of old, were Latiums Care ,
 At worst he'll find a Cornish Borrough here.*

for the Month of **January**, 1707.

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S O N G.

For the Performance of Musick at *Tork-Buildings* on the *Thanksgiving-Day*, *December the 31st*, 1706.

By *Nahum Tate Esq;* Her Majesty's Poet Laureat.

O *Whither will thy Triumphs Spread,
Britannia, injur'd Nation's Friend,
Britannia, Haughty Tyrant's Dread,
Where will thy Conquests End?*

Chor. With *MARLBRO's* each Campaign Renew'd,
And still the Glorious Game pursu'd.

*Blenheim (once the Blazing Dame
And Brightest in the List of Fame)
Sees her Lawrels spring Again
In Ramillia's honour'd Plain.*

Chor. Such a Rival (she cries) I can bear without Shame,
And a Change of the Scene, where the *HERO's* the same.

*Tet while the Rhine's and Danow's Spoils
Are Trophies of Marlburian Toils,
Our ANNA, Joy of Earth and Skies,
With Western Wonders does the World surprize:*

*Hearing, from th' Atlantick Shoar
Her GEORGE's Naval Thunder Roar;
New Garlands there He wins,
Fresh Adventures there Begins
Where Hercules gave O'er.*

With

*With the Joyful Day Complying,
Earth and Ocean, Pleas'd and Proud,
Laugh and Shout and Sing Aloud,
Vanquish'd Envy only lying,
Sighing, Groaning, Telling, Dying.*

G R A N D Chorus.

Let her Weep let her Wail, while our Songs shall resound,
A **Q U E E N** and a **P R I N C E** for Justice renown'd ;
While *Gallia* lies Grieving, Successes shall Smile
On *A N N A* and *A L B I O N*, the Fortunate Isle,
Where Virtue's Enthron'd, and Piety Crown'd.

S O N G.

For New-Year's Day, 1707.

By the Same.

O *Fame in all thy Pride Appear,
To Crown the Past and Coming Year ;
To Crown the Past, and Teach the New
The Bright Example to Pursue.*

Chor. That Task perform'd, the Prize is Won,
And Marlbro's Mighty Work is Done.

Europe's Rescu'd States shall Come,
To wait our Lawrel'd Heroes Home ;

Souldier,

for the Month of **January**, 1707.

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*Souldier, Sailor, Sea and Shore,
In a Consort of Applause,
Worthy such a Queen and Cause,
Who wars for Peace, and conquers to Restore.*

*The Tritons and Shepherds their Presents shall bring ;
The Nymphs of the Ocean, and Nymphs of the Spring,
And Thus in a Chorus shall Sing ;*

*Hail best of Queens, in You Combine
The Glories of Your Royal Line ;
They Taught their Britons to O'ercome in Fight,
You Teach us Both to Conquer and Unite.*

*Valour may the Foe Disarm,
And Victory procure ;
But UNION is the Pow'rful Charm,
To make the Blessing sure.*

*O Fame, This Mighty Work Complete,
Thy Britain then is Truly GREAT.*

GRAND Chorus.

*Valour may the Foe Disarm,
But UNION is the Lasting Charm,
Of ev'ry Bliss, The Golden Chain,
Our ANNA's Royal Gift, and Glory of Her Reign.*

On *Monday* the 6th of this Month, the Queen was graciously Pleas'd to come from *Kensington* to *St. James's*; where the foregoing Ode, set by *Mr. John Eccles*, Master of Her Majesty's Musick, was Perform'd, to the Satisfaction of the whole Court, by Her Majesty's Servants.

Of the Opera's and Plays now Preparing for the two Theatres, in Drury-Lane and the Hay-Market.

THE many excellent Productions of that great Master, the late Mr. *Henry Purcell*, particularly his Opera of the *Prophetess*, that of *King Arthur*, The Musical Parts of *Oedipus* and *Bonduca*, are sufficient Proofs that no Nation in the World, the *Italians* only excepted, have out-done the *English* in Dramatick Musick: And it is to be question'd, whether the *Italians* themselves come so near Nature, as Mr. *Purcell* did in the Musick of those Opera's and Plays; and whether there is any thing, so moving at least, on the *Roman* and *Venetian* Stages. Perhaps our Taste was to blame if he fell short of the Best Masters in *Italy*, by his accommodating his Compositions to the Relish of his Audiences, for who can doubt but he who Set the Frost Scene in *King Arthur*, cou'd have done any thing in the great Musick whenever he attempted it.

'Tis plain that the Taste of the Town is mended since his Time, and the late Success of *Arsinoë*, Set by Mr. *Clayton* after the *Italian* manner, shews that our Masters can excel in all the Parts of Harmony, and our Audiences relish them, as well as the *Italians*, that even their *Recitativo's* have been heard with Delight, and consequently understood, which 40 Years ago wou'd have been receiv'd with the Disdain that Art meets with from the Ignorant.

These Entertainments, as they are the finest, so they are the most Expensive; and the Profit of Common Audiences cou'd never have supported them. 'Twas this Consideration that put the People of Quality upon Incouraging the Publick Diversion by their Private Subscriptions; some Thousands of Pounds have been contributed by them to the Charges of the Decorations of our Opera's, and they have had the Pleasure to see the whole Town pleas'd by it.

This has Invited Gentlemen of equal Honour and Merit, to employ their leisure Hours to continue so Charming and Innocent an Entertainment. And their undertaking to furnish the Masters with Poems, has prevail'd with the Great to give it further Incouragement. The Opera of *Rosamund*, written by the Author of the *Campaign*, is Set by Mr. *Clayton*, and Practising at the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*; and the Beauty and Harmony of that Poem, which we have had the honour to see, are very happily imitated by the Composer, in the Opinion of the best Judges, who have heard what he has done. The Opera of *Semele*, for which we are Indebted to Mr. C——e is Set by Mr. *Eccles*, and ready to be Practic'd, and from
the

the Excellence of those two Masters, in their several Kinds, the Town may very well expect to be Charm'd, as much as Poetry and Musick can Charm them. The Opera of *Orlando Furioso*, the hint of which was taken from that of *Quinault*, famous for his Talent in this Sort of Writings, is Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*. The Gentleman's Character who writ it, and who has distinguish'd himself as much by his Judgment in the Arts of *Musick* and *Poetry*, as by his Bounty to the *Professors*, can leave no room to doubt but the Fineness of the Sentiments, and the Harmony of the Numbers, have given Mr. *Purcell* an Opportunity to do Honour to the Memory of his Brother. Mr. *Motteux* is also writing an Opera on the Story of *Tomyris*; which will be compos'd by Mr. *Hidaker* a German, after the Italian Manner. Or rather the Finest Parts of some of the best Italian Opera's are to be accommodated to Mr. *Motteux's* Words.

Besides these, There is a *Masque* of Mr. *Dennis's* on the Story of *Orpheus* and *Euridice*, wherein, whoever will give themselves the trouble to compare it with the *Orpheus* and *Euridice* an Elegy, written in French by Monsieur *Sarrafin*, or with a *Masque* by an Anonymous Author, often perform'd on the French Stage, will see that our English Poets have not been behind hand with our English Hero's, in reducing the French Wit to as low a state as their Arms. We shall Print the *Masque* in our Next *Mercury*; and the World will then perceive that the Author has done his Part, as well as the Composer, whose Musick, on this occasion, is very much commended.

'Twas Impossible that all these Opera's cou'd be Perform'd in due time, had not those Gentlemen, who are the *Protectors* of the Stage, endeavour'd to have the Theatres in *Drury-Lane* and *Dorset-Garden* set apart for Musick; and the *Queen's Theatre* in the *Hay-Market*, for Plays, the former Company being under the Direction of Mr. *Rich*, and the latter under Mr. *Swinny's*, both whose Experience in the Management of such Things are too well known to need a Comment. In Consequence of this Partition, the two Separate Companies of Actors have Joyn'd, and form'd a Set of Comedians that may vie with the Best that ever trod the *English Stage*; notwithstanding what has been said, in Praise of the Players in King *Charles's* Reign, by such as are always fond of Speaking well of the Dead, at the Expence of the Living. The Company in the *Hay-Market* have only Acted two New Plays this Winter, both written by the Fair Sex: The *Platonick Lady*, a Comedy, by Mrs. T — who wrote the *Gamester* and *Almyna*; or the *Arabian Vow*, by Mrs. M — She took the Hint of it from the *Arabian Nights* Entertainments, translated lately into English; written in French by Monsieur *Galand* of the Academy. The Fortune of these Plays has been over too long to make it News to the Town to know it.

There are now in the House, *The Spartan Dame*, a Tragedy by Mr. Southern; who has so often drawn Tears from the fairest Eyes in England by his *Oronoko*, and *Fatal Marriage*; Another on the Story of *Phædra*, by Mr. Smith of Oxford, which has an Extraordinary Reputation among all who have seen it. Mr. Farquhar, who wrote the *Recruiting Officer*, has a Comedy ready for Representation; and had not the Death of a Dear Friend hinder'd Capt. Steel from finishing a Comedy of his, it wou'd also have been Acted this Season. There have several Plays been Reviv'd at the *Hay-Market*, but none that have had a Run long enough to be taken notice of. The last, which was the *Julius Cæsar* of *Shakespear*, was Play'd at the Desire of some Persons of Quality, who have contributed 400*l.* by a *Subscription* to Support the Dramatick Muse; for which They are to have Three Plays Acted, and the *Pit* and *Boxes* to be reserv'd for the Subscribers; the *Galleries* only being for the Benefit of the House. The Second Play that was Acted on this Occasion, was, *The King and no King*, of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*; and the Third, which will be acted on Tuesday the 28th Instant, is not yet nam'd. From such noble Spirits as these, the Arts may hope for a *Glorious Restoration*: and those who are any way Employ'd for the Stage, cannot say now if they do not succeed, 'twas for want of Encouragement. The following Prologue was spoken before the Representation of *Julius Cæsar*, on the 14th of this Month, and met with universal Applause.

Prologue to the Subscribers for *Julius Cæsar*, Spoke by Mr. Betterton.

Written by Mr. Dennis.

[The Ghost of *Shakespear* rises to Trumpets and Flutes playing Alternately.]

YE Sounds that with soft Passions Souls inspire,
And ye that Rouze them with a Martial Fire,
Be hush'd, while to my Britons I appear,
Who can no Musick like their *Shakespear*, hear.

Hail, My lov'd Britons! How I'm pleas'd to see
The great Assertors of Fair Liberty,

Assembled

for the Month of *January*, 1707.

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*Assembled Here upon this Solemn Day
To see this Roman and this English Play.*

*This Tragedy in great Eliza's Reign
Was writ, when Philip plagu'd both Land and Main
To subjugate the Western World to Spain.
Then I brought Mighty Julius on the Stage,
Then Britain heard my God-like Romans Rage,
And came in Crowds, with Rapture came to see,
The World from its Proud Tyrant freed by me.
Rome he Enslav'd, for which he dy'd once there;
But for his introducing Slav'ry here,
Ten times I sacrific'd him ev'ry Year.*

*My noble Scenes Eliza's Soul inspir'd,
And Britain, with a just Disdain was fir'd;
That we who scorn'd Great Cæsar here should Reign,
Should take a universal King from Spain.
Then English Worthies did in Crowds appear,
Drake, Cecil, Rawleigh, Walsingham and Vere.
Then Strains were sung that were to flourish long,
Then Deeds were done for high Heroick Song,
Wise were our Councils, and our Arms were Strong.
With nervous Hands w' unt'y'd Batavia's Toke,
And ev'ry Captive Nations Bonds we broke.*

*Those happy Glorious Years rowl round again,
France struggles for a fifth Monarchique Reign,
Like our own Mad Fanaticks here, in vain.
For a more fam'd, more great Eliza's here,
A wiser Cecil, and a nobler Vere;
Whose growing Virtue in my School was form'd,
My raging Roman the Young Heroe warm'd.
No Eunuchs yet were come with melting Strain
T' emasculate the Generous English Vein.*

The

The powerfullst Sounds of Musick never can
 For the next Age form such a Matchless Man,
 Or raise up such a God-like Queen as Anne.

Oh may my Scenes be still your chief Delight!
 So may ye long be Fortunate in Fight!
 So may your Glory, like my Genius Soar
 And Tow'r to Heights ye never knew before.

The Following Poem has happily falln into our Hands, and will, no doubt, be welcom to the Curious Reader. 'Twas written by his Excellency Dr. N——, Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary to one of the Greatest Princes in *Italy*, On a late Poem of Signor Felicia upon *Indian Jassmin*, one of the finest Shrubs that adorns a Garden. The Translation was transmitted to a worthy Gentleman from Mr. Manning, Secretary to Mr. Stanyon, Her Majesty's Envoy to the Swiss Cantons.

Ad Senatorem Feliciam in Mogarinum suum:
 Or his Poem upon *Indian Jassmin*.

By Dr. N——

Fœlix India, sole Lœta primo
 Florum Principe Lœta Mogarino,
 Præstant Lilia cui suum Nitorem,
 Suaves nec Rosa denegat Odores.
 Quo viso fieri velis vel Ipse
 Totus tunc Oculus simulq; Nasus.
 Cosmi delicias tenet Superbum
 Castellum, Domini Decusq; Amorq;
 Florum grataq; Vitiumq; Sedes.
 Nativi viret Immemor soliq;

for the Month of **January**, 1707.

15

Uni nunc Cupiens placere *Cosmo*
Ævum sed breve pulchra Sortiuntur
Hic & Floribus non Odor manebit,
Vanescet Color Omnis, ac Avari
Ditis sunt spoliū Inferiq; Regis
At tu Planta Beata, mortis Expers,
Et jam nacta novam Alteramq; Vitam
Proles Carminis, Interire Nescis.
Non nunc India, vel Hetrusca Tellus.
Sed Mundus Patria est, viges ubiq;
Nec Candor Perit, halitus vel Oris,
Visus gaudia Nariumq; semper.
Vitam, Phoebe Pater, brevem dedisti
Quam vates dederit, perennat usque.

The Foregoing **V E R S E S** Imitated.

By Mr. Manning.

Blest India, *Delightful Soil,*
On which the Sun first deigns to smile.
Blest in thy Jassmin, where we find
The Lilly with the Rose is join'd.
Whose lovely Colour, fragrant Smell,
Those of all other Plants excell;
Which seen, with Admiration dumb,
We streight all Eyes and Nose become.
A Stately Palace, as is meet
To be the Prince of Flowr's retreat;
Its Master's Glory and Delight,
Contains this Rare, this Wondrous Sight.

Transplanted

The Muses Mercury,

Transplanted to this Charming Place
 It seems to gain new Life and Grace,
 As 'twou'd its Native Land disown,
 And Cosmus strive to please Alone.
 But Oh! how short a Date has Heav'n
 To all that's Fair and Beauteous giv'n!
 Here Flow'rs, unheeded by the Muse,
 Their Colours and their Odours loose,
 Almost as soon as born decay,
 And fall to Hungry Time a Prey.
 But thou, Blest Plant, shalt never fade
 By Deathless Verse, Immortal made.
 Not India now, or Tuscan Ground,
 But the whole Globe's thy Country Found.
 Thy Matchless Scent, enchanting White,
 Th' Eternal Joys of Smell and Sight,
 Henceforth secure from Fate's Allarms,
 Shall know no End of all their Charms.
 The Transient Life, which Phœbus gave
 The Poet rescues from the Grave.

The Maids Complaint.

A Song.

By S----- C-----, Esquire.

I.

Custom, Alas, does Partial Prove,
 Nor gives us Ev'n Measure;
 A Pain to Maids it is to Love
 But 'tis to Men a Pleasure.

2. They

2.

*They freely can their Thoughts explain,
But ours must burn within;
We have got Eyes and Tongues in vain,
And Truth from us is Sin.*

3.

*Men to new Joys and Conquests fly,
And yet no Hazards run;
Poor We are Left if we deny,
And if we yield, Undone.*

4.

*Then Equal Laws let Custom find,
Nor thus the Sex Oppress;
More Freedom give to Womenkind,
Or give to Mankind Less.*

**To a Young Lady who had Marry'd an
Old Man.**

By Capt. Steel.

1.

S*ince Cælia cou'd, to Love unjust,
Debauch'd by Wealth and Beauties Charms,
Return before her Death to Dust
In hoary Nestor's feeble Arms.*

D

2. While

2.

*While Midnight Bowls my Passion break,
And no Intruding Cares molest;
Her May her Grisly Bridegroom wake,
And to no Joy disturb her rest.*

3.

*Still while she glows with Youth and Fire,
May baffled Fondness teaze her Rage;
May he with hot, yet num'd Desire,
Burn like Youth, yet freeze like Age.*

*Of Books Publish'd in England, Holland, Germany, and
France; of which Mr. Le Clerc has Treated in his Bib-
liotheque Choisie, for the Year 1707.*

THE Works of the Learned which are Publish'd ev'ry Month, will excuse our not giving a large Account of Books; for which we refer the Reader to that Author, who has so long giv'n Satisfaction to the Town in what he has undertaken: We shall only mention those New Things that we hear of at Home or Abroad, without entring far into the Particulars of any of the Treatises which we take notice of.

'Tis not a little for the Honour of *England*, that most of the Books treated of by Monsieur *L' Clerc*, in his *Bibliotheque Choisie*, lately publish'd for the Year 1707. are the Product of our Country; If we may be allow'd the Expression: They being written mostly by *Englishmen*, or Printed in *England*. The first Book that he speaks of, is that Noble Edition of the Baron de *Spanheim's* Treatise, *De Præstantia & usu Numismatum Antiquorum*, of the Excellence and Use of Medals; Printed at *London* in the Year 1706. His Discourse on this Book takes up 104 Pages in 12°, and he has added to it, An Extract out of some Spanish Letters relating to some Medals found in *Andalusia*, with *Phœnician* Characters. With that Extract he has given the Prints of those Medals, and an Explanation of them, which is very Curious and well worth Reading. He treats largely of

of the New Edition of *Julius Caesar's Works*, Publish'd by Mr. *John Davis*, Fellow of *Queen's-College* in *Cambridge*, and Printed at that University in 1706. He does the same by Mr. *Addison's Remarks on several Parts of Italy*: And the Judgment of a Foreigner on those Excellent Remarks, will certainly be agreeable to an English Reader. "He carefully avoids, says Mr. *Le Clerc*, speaking of the Author, to say any thing that has been said before, and if he repeats what others have said, 'tis to add new Charms to it. He has particularly apply'd himself to collect those Descriptions which the Old Latin Poets made of the Places, the Mountains and Rivers that he pass'd, which Descriptions he has Translated into English Verse, as fine as the Originals. His Narration is every where so Pure and so Elegant, that 'tis hard to decide whether the Author writes best in Prose or Verse, tho' with good Reason he is look'd upon to be one of the best English Poets that are now Living. *Il a évité avec soin de redire ce que les Autres avoient déjà Publié, et s'il répète quelque Chose, c'est pour y ajouter de Nouveaux Traits. Il s'est sur tout appliqué à produire les Descriptions que les anciens Poëtes Latins avoient faites des Lieux, des Montagnes et des Rivières qu'il a passées; et il les a Traduites en vers Anglois, qui ne cedent Point aux Originaux, Toute la Narration est si nette et si bien tournée, qu'il est difficile de dire si l'Auteur écrit mieux en prose, ou en vers, quoi qu'il passe, avec raison, pour un des Meilleurs Poëtes Anglois qu'il y ait a present.* Monsieur *Le Clerc* speaks also at large of the Edition of the *Medea* and the *Phœnicians*, two Tragedies of *Euripides*, with *H. Stephens*, *Grotius*, and other Notes, publish'd by Mr. *William Piers*, Fellow of *Emanuel College* in *Cambridge*, in the Year 1703. The Letter both of the Text and Notes is very fine and new, and was bought in *Holland*. His Grace the Duke of *Somerset*, Chancellor of that University, was at the Charge of it, and by his Bounty reviv'd Printing at *Cambridge*. For which, says Mr. *L' Clerc*, *Ce Seigneur mérite que non Seulement les gens de Lettres de Cambrige mais encore tous les Autres qui se servent des Editions faites avec ces Caractères Lui sachent gré de sa generosité*; "Not only the Men of Letters at *Cambridge*, but all others who make use of the Editions printed in that Character, are indebted to the Generosity of that Noble Lord. The Edition of *Maximus of Tyr's Dissertations*, Printed at *Cambridge* in the Year 1703. and Publish'd also by Mr. *Davis* of *Queen's College*, is very much commended by the Author of the *Bibliothèque*; as is also *Bassus Geoponiques*, Publish'd by Mr. *Needham*, Fellow of *St. John's College* in *Cambridge*, in the Year 1704. The Edition of *Anacreon*, Printed there in the Year 1705. has got the Editor, Mr. *Joshua Barnes*, as much Reputation abroad as his *Euripides*. We had one in *England* before, done by Mr. *Baxter*; and an English one by Dr. *Willis* of *Oxford*. The French have several Editions of it; as

Stephens, *Tanaquil Fabers*, his Daughter *Madam Daciers*, with Notes and the Text translated into French Prose; *Monsieur Longepierres*, with a Translation, in French Verse; and another Translation by an Anonymous Author. A Gentleman of our Acquaintance had a MS. Version of that agreeable Poet, ready for the Press; but he has receiv'd so many Lights from Mr. *Barnes's* Edition, that he cou'd not relolve to Print it till he had corrected some of his own Errors by them. Mr. *Fleming's* *Christology* is spoken of in this *Bibliothèque*: and the History of the Apostles Creed, Printed at *London* in the Year 1702. is translated into Latin, and Printed at *Leipsick*. *Arthur Johnson's* Paraphrase upon the Psalms, in Elegiac Verse, Printed at *Amsterdam* in 12°. has the Character of being *La plus Elegante apres celle de Buchanan*; the most Eelegant next to *Buchanan's*.

The other Books mention'd by *Monsieur Le Clerc*, are *Pausania's* Description of *Greece*, the *Leipsick* Edition, A. D. 1699. *Ennius's* *Fragments*, Printed at *Amsterdam* by *Wetsten*, A. D. 1707. *Noodt's* Observations on the Civil Law at *Leyden*, 1706. A Speech of Mr. *Noodt's* in the University of *Leyden*, of which he was Rector in the Year 1699. about *Liberty of Conscience*. *Reland's* Dissertations upon *Paradise*, &c. Printed at *Utrecht*, 1706. A New Edition of *Homer*, Printed by *Wetsten* at *Amsterdam*, 1707. *Hartsoeker's* Physical Conjectures, Printed at *Amsterdam* in 1706. *Demonstration de la Morale Chretienne*, by Father *L'Ami* of the Oratory, Printed at *Roan* in 1706. Discourses upon *Cocceianism*. The *Cocceians* and *Voetians* are so call'd from two Divines in *Holland*, nam'd *Cocceius* and *Voetius*, famous for their different Manners of Preaching; This Book is Printed by *Chatelain* at *Amsterdam*; as is also, The Roman Cabinet, written by Mr. *de la Chauffe*.

The Gazette told us of the Death of Mr. *Bayle*, Author of the *Dictionnaire Critique*, the Critical Dictionary, most of which is translated into English, and will all be speedily put to the Press. *Monsieur Le Clerc* and *Monsieur Bayle* cou'd not agree about *La Conformite de la Foi avec la Raison*, the Conformity between Faith and Reason, which *Le Clerc* asserted, and Mr. *Bayle* in his Answer deny'd. This Dispute has continu'd some Time, and perhaps wou'd not have been terminated so soon, had not Mr. *Bayle's* Death put an End to it. Those two great Men have been very Angry with one another, and so severe in their Charges against each other, that if both of them are in the right, they were both little better than Atheists, but the heat of their Argument made them put the worst Constructions on some abstruse Passages found in their Writings, and their Emulation in Learning might border so near upon Envy, as to produce hard Words on both Sides. In the last *Bibliothèque*, we have mention made of an Examen of Mr. *Bayle's* Divinity in his Critical Dictionary Printed at *Amsterdam*,
1706.

1706. The Tryal and Condemnation of the *Rotterdam* Philosophy at *Amsterdam*, 1706. which by the Title shou'd not be of so good a hand as Mr. *Le Clerc's*; but 'tis to be fear'd his Passion prevail'd over his Judgment in it. Speaking of Mr. *Bayle* here, he says, *Il n'y a Point d'Homme moins Philosophe que lui ni pour la speculation ni pour la Pratique*. There's no man less a Philosopher than He, either in Speculation or Practice.

Of BOOKS Publish'd in France, of which an Account is given in the Journal des Scavans.

THE Author of the *Journal des Scavans*, for the first Week in *January*, 1707. Printed at *Paris*, Speaks of *Traite Theologique Touchant l'Efficacite de la Grace*, Par le Pere *Daniel*, Printed at *Paris* in the Year 1706. This is an Answer to a Book of Father *Serry's*, Intituled, *Schola Thomistica Vindicata*. The next Book is *Odes de M.... avec un Discours sur la Poesie en general, & sur l'Ode en Particulier*, Printed by *Dupuis* at *Paris*, 1707. in 12°. The Discourse is 86 Pages, and the Odes 192. The Journalist tells us, 'tis written by *Monsieur de la Motte*, and Dedicated to the French Academy. This Treatise relating to Poetry, the Darling Offspring of the Muses, lies within our Design, and in the next *Mercury* we shall give a Larger account of it; It being a Piece of Criticism that is new, and has been seen by very few Englishmen. In the Journal for the 2d Week in *January*, he treats of *Collectio Nova Patrum & Scriptorum Græcorum*, &c. taken from Manuscripts, and Printed in Two Volumes in *Folio*, by *Rigaud* at *Paris*. He afterwards gives an Account of a Book in Physick, call'd *Explication Physique et Mechanique des Effets de la Saignee*, Printed by *D. Houry* at *Paris*, 1706. Being a Translation of a *Thesis* maintain'd in the Physick-Schools in that University. He Discourses also of a Book written by *John Sturmius*, Intitul'd, *Methode de faire l'Analyse de la Langue Latine*, Printed at *Jene* in the Year 1704.

Of BOOKS relating to Poetry and Criticism, which have been lately Publish'd in London; or are Preparing for the Press.

AS we wou'd not Invade the Province of the Author of the *Works of the Learned*, with reference to *Foreign Books*, so we shall be as careful not to Interfere with him in giving an Account of such as are Printed in English, and in *England*; only those Pieces that more immediately concern the *Muses*; such as are a part of *Polite Learning*, by which we understand *Poetry* and *Criticism*, we shall insert in our *Mercury*, and when there happens any thing remarkable in those Kinds, give it a Place in our Miscellany.

There can never be enough said of the glorious Successes of His Grace the Duke of *Marlbrough* in the Last Campaign, The Victory of *Ramillies*, and the Reduction of two Provinces, *Brabant* and *Flanders*, in 60 Days; for which the *French* and *Spanish* Monarchies contended as many Years, is so surprizing an Event, that 'tis no wonder if all the Poetical Genius's in *Britain* took Fire, and were Ambitious of making their Names immortal, by Celebrating an Action, the Memory of which will last as long as Time. Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Pr—r*, Mr. *Dennis*, and Mr. *Rom*, have Sung the Battel of *Ramillies*; and Mr. *Witcherly*, the Glory of the Comick Muse, has signaliz'd himself in Heroick Numbers on this great Occasion. *S—C—Esq*; has also oblig'd the World with an Epistle in Verse, from the Elector of *Bavaria* to the French King, written after the Manner of *Ovid*, being a Letter of Complaint; and he has very happily imitated the easie Turn of that Author, as well in the Sentiments as the Numbers. There are many other Poems written on the same Subject, which have not been receiv'd so favourably by the Town as to deserve to be remember'd here: And several other Poets who have found themselves so full of Admiration, that they had not Thoughts or Words to Express it. 'Tis sufficient for the Honour of our Country, that as the *French* have no General to Match with the British Hero; so since the Doteage of *Boileau*, if such a Man can ever be said to Doat, they have had no Poets to vie with the British Bards, and perhaps never produc'd so many good Poems on One Victory: Tho' they had the good Luck to get *Victories* with as little Trouble as any Nation in the World ever did; making War always when they knew there was the least Reason for it, and their Invasions were the least suspected.

We

We are Inform'd that Mr. *Congreve* is preparing an Edition of all his Miscellany Poems, in One Volume, for the Press, with an Addition of several New Pieces. Mr. *Prior's* Works are already Printed in One Volume : And a New Miscellany, consisting of Poems, Tales, Fables, Satyrs, and Epistles, as well Originals as Translations, by the Author of *Iberia Liberata*, will be Publish'd soon after the Term.

Mr. *Cob*, one of the Masters of the School at *Christ's-Hospital*, of which Foundation he was formerly himself a Member, has put forth a Book, Intitul'd, *Poems on several Occasions*; to which he has added a Discourse on *Criticism, and the Liberty of Writing*.

The Death of Monsieur *Bayle* in *Holland*, and Dr. *Hody* in *England*, are a great Loss to the Commonwealth of Learning ; and may we have no such melancholly News for the next Month.

The Dispute about the Stage Reviv'd.

ONE wou'd have thought that after the many Answers which were written to Mr. *Collier's* Book against the Stage, that Dispute wou'd never have been reviv'd : But 'tis observable, That all the Enemies of the *Drama* triumph, as if Mr. *Collier* had struck his Adversaries Dumb, and not a word had been said in Vindication of it. Indeed, who could imagine it needed any Vindication, when Her Majesty has vouchsaf'd to Favour it, and a New Theatre has been since Built under Her Auspices, and Honour'd with Her Royal Name. When she has since Commanded some of those Plays to be Acted at *St. James's*, which were Insolently treated in the *Short Views* : And the Reverend Judges have order'd the same *Comedies*, or *Plays* of the same Character, to be represented before them at the *Temple*. This one wou'd think was enough to have silenc'd the Clamour against the most Pleasant and the most useful Diversion that ever was Invented for the Minds of Men. But Mr. *Bedford*, a Minister of *Bristol*, has fallen upon it anew, and found leisure from his graver Studies to pick out 2000 *Passages* in our Modern *Plays*, which he Fancies are opposite to the late *Successful* Endeavours by the Societies of *Reformation* to suppress Debauchery. Considering Mr. *Bedford* has taken all those *Passages* out of *Plays* that have been Acted within these Two Years, it must be confess'd that he has labour'd Indefatigably to Ruin the Theatres; and we leave it to his Brethren to decide, whether Two Years reading might not have been more usefully

usefully employ'd in his own Faculty— Tho' this Sage Divine has not said one thing to the Purpose which Mr. Collier had not said better before, and been effectually Answer'd; yet the Friends of the Stage finding her attack'd again, have thought fit again to Vindicate her; and a Treatise on that Subject is Publish'd by Dr. Filmer, call'd, *The Stage Vindicated against Mr. Collier; Wherein is offer'd the most probable Method of reforming our Plays, and a Consideration how far vicious Characters may be allow'd on the Stage.* This Controversy is like to be of no long Continuance: For Mr. Bedford has got very little ground by his Labours, unless 'twas his Arguments which put a stop to the Playhouse that was Building at *Bristol* at the Charge of Mr. E——r, a Merchant of that City, and the Dr. copes with an Adversary who looks too Contemptibly on all Mankind to think any of 'em deserve Answering. When a sober and feasible Project of Reforming the *Drama* shall be offer'd to the Concern'd, no doubt 'twill be acceptable: For 'tis certainly the Interest as well as the Reputation of any Society to have real Abuses reform'd.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

P. 5. l. 14. dele *really*; p. 11. l. 37. r. Mrs. C. *Ibid.* l. 38. dele ;

THE
Muses Mercury:
OR THE
Monthly Miscellany.

Consisting of
Poems, Prologues, Songs, Sonnets, Translations,
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BY
The Earl of Roscommon, Mr. DENNIS,
Mr. DRYDEN, Dr. N—n,
Dr. G—th, Capt. STEEL,
N. TATE, Esquire. Mr. MANNING, &c.

To which is added,
An Account of the *STAGE*, of the New *OPERAS* and
PLAYS that have been Acted, or are to be Acted this Season;
And of the New Books relating to *Poetry, Criticism, &c.* lately Publish'd.

For the Month of *JANUARY*.

To be continued Monthly.



Ex Quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius.

LONDON, Printed by J. H. for Andrew Bell, at the Cross Keys
and Bible in Cornhill, near Stocks-Market. 1705.

Hope adds 1187

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